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The Learned Dogs

Look at this picture, my reader! Here are three dogs; and, if their master tells the truth, they are the most wonderful dogs that ever were seen. Hear him!

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! walk up!"

"Here's the learned dogs, that know as much as some men, and more too. Their names are Napoleon, Cleopatra, and Sam Patch. This ere, with a hat, an officer's coat, and an appilet, is Mister Napoleon. This, with a cap and

feather, is Miss Cleopatra. This one, here, with nothin but a jacket on his back, is Sam Patch. Now, I'm going to show you that they've had a good hed-decashun."

"Now, my hearties, mind! Heads up! Eyes right and left! Who was born at Kossiky, August 15, A. D. 1769?" (Dog Napoleon stands upon his hind legs.) "There! you see he knows what's what."

"Now! mind! Who was queen of Egypt?" (Cleopatra goes along, making

a courtesy.) "Good! Now, I shouldn't wonder if that ere brute knew more than some people that I could mention. She's an honor to her sect—that's a fact. Some folks say that the male gender has got all the gumption; but it's a clean mistake. They may be the strongest; but, in pint of genius, the females are afore the males. And that's the reason why the men don't let the wimin vote; bekase they know the wimin would soon be ahead, if they had ekal privileges.

"Now! mind! Who jumped off Niagra Falls?" (Sam Patch takes a long leap.) "Bravo! bravo! Go it agin, Sam. Who thought '*some things could be done as well as others?*'" (Here Sam tumbles head over heels.) "Very well. Now, try once more. Who died for glory?" (Sam Patch lies down, and pretends to be dead.) "Good,—very well,—excellent! So, you see, he knows all about it. Poor Sam! He lost his life bekase he wouldn't back out. He was a noble fellow; and if he'd been at the battle of Waterloo, he'd died game,—no doubt on't. He had the real hero in him, arter all. Heroes is all putty much alike, whether they fight a duel, or a battle, or jump off a kattarack. It's jest a kind of feelin, as Sam used to say, that some things can be done as well as others, only the hero must have somebody to look on, and clap their hands, and cry, 'Bravo! bravo!' Why, that dog Sam Patch will fly in the face of a mad bull, if any body he has a respect for will say, 'Stuboy! stuboy!' It's jest like the real Sam Patch, and like all other heroes of the modern stamp,—he'll do plaguy smart things, if there's any body to look on, and say, 'Stuboy!'"

We might go on, and give the remainder of this dog-exhibitor's lecture; but this will do for a sample.

The Story of Colbert.

[Concluded from p. 14.]

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING arrived in Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world. All was brilliant and delightful. But, though highly interested with all that he saw, he had the good sense to remember that he must, to enjoy what surrounded him, diligently pursue the line of duty marked out by his kind-hearted employer. With ears and eyes open to all he heard and saw, he still closely adhered to his occupation as a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Cenani and Mazerani. By this diligence, and his general skill, he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny. He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and, on attaining manhood, he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were now intrusted to him; and, at length, he obtained the great object of his ambition—the office of traveller for the firm.

The taste for the arts and sciences, which he possessed, was still more developed in his travels. He made the circuit of all the French provinces; and, commerce being his principal study, he was already devising means to render it flourishing. It was while on these journeys that he formed those great projects, the execution of which, in later years, adorned his ministry. In 1648, when he was

about thirty, Saint Pouage, his near relation, placed him with his brother-in-law Letellier, then secretary of state, by whom he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, prime minister of Anne of Austria, regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. At this period commenced the factious intrigues which marked the regency of Anne. Mazarin, who had more penetration into character than any other man of his time, understood and appreciated the young and studious Colbert. He begged him of Letellier, who yielded him to him. Mazarin created him privy-counsellor, and associated him with himself in all public business. Having proved his zeal in the wars of the Fronde, in 1649 and 1650, he soon admitted him into his full confidence. At this epoch, Mazarin, pursued by public hatred, and an object of distrust and dislike to the highest in the kingdom, was obliged to retire to Cologne. Colbert was about to marry Marie, the daughter of Jacques Charron, baron de Menars. He remained at Paris as comptroller of the cardinal's household, and the secret agent of his correspondence with the queen regent. He it was who was the bearer of the minister's despatches to that princess, and who received hers in return for the minister. He acquitted himself of this delicate commission in a manner which did equal honor to his head and heart,—his prudence being only equalled by his zeal; and when Mazarin returned to France, he enabled him to be useful to his family.

Colbert's father was not forgotten by his son; he was created a baron, and placed in a situation suitable to his abilities. His mother's father, Henri Passort, was made privy-counsellor. The latter

afterwards drew up that famous civil code known under the name of the code of 1667. To one of his brothers he gave several appointments; procured a lieutenancy, in the regiment of Navarre, for the second; caused the third to be appointed director of sea prizes; and, for his fourth brother, who was an abbé, he obtained a benefice, worth six thousand livres. Thus Colbert, now a great man at court, showed himself not unmindful of his relatives; and these were worthy of his esteem. The following extract, from a letter written by Colbert to his patron the cardinal, proves also that the latter had not obliged one who was ungrateful for his favors.

"I entreat," he says, "that your highness will not think me insensible to the many favors that you have lavished on me and my family, and that, by your permitting a public acknowledgment of them, I may be allowed to offer the only kind of return for them it is in my power to make."

Colbert, created marquis de Croissy, continued to give such proofs of rare merit and conscientiousness in all affairs confided to him by the cardinal, that the latter, when dying, said to Louis XIV., "I owe every thing to you, sire; but I think that I acquit myself in some degree to your majesty, in giving you Colbert."

Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merits so highly, that, in 1661, he created him comptroller-general of finance. At this era, France carried on no regular trade, but that of some of its provinces with the capital; and even this trade was confined to the produce of the soil. France was still ignorant of her own resources, and the mine of wealth that national industry

can open. The principal roads were impassable ; Colbert had them repaired, and also opened new ones. The junction of the two seas, by which France is bounded, had before been proposed, under Louis XIII. Colbert had it put into execution by Riquet. He projected the Canal de Bourgoyne, and established a general insurance office for the benefit of maritime towns. He founded a chamber of commerce, where the most skilful merchants were called upon to discuss the sources of national prosperity ; and, not trusting to his own judgment, he addressed himself to every European court for information, not merely as to the branches of commerce, but as to the means of making that commerce flourishing. By a skilful stroke of policy, he taught the nobility that trade might be engaged in without losing caste. Nantes, St. Malo, and Bourdeaux, are still inhabited by merchants who belong to the noblest families of their respective provinces. At this period, the English and Dutch divided between them the empire of the sea. Colbert, who had learned how much power lay in the trade between the two worlds, disputed this empire with them. Dunkirk was in the possession of the English ; he redeemed it, in 1662, from Charles II., at an expense of five millions. The two India companies were established ; a colony was sent out from Rochelle to people Cayenne ; a second took possession of Canada, and laid the foundation of Quebec ; a third settled in Madagascar : the same month, sixty-five large ships sailed from St. Malo. The seas were infested by the corsairs of Algiers, of Tunis, and of Tripoli ; the French vessels pursued the pirates, and stormed their strongholds,

so that they could never afterwards see the French flag without terror. The harbors of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort, were opened, and those of Havre and Dunkirk fortified. Naval schools were established ; and more than a hundred ships of the line, with sixty thousand sailors, commanded by D'Estrée, Tourville, Jean Bart, and Forbin, gave to the French flag, hitherto unknown upon the seas, a brilliant triumph.

It was this able minister who established glass works in the Faubourg Saint Antoine,—which article had previously been purchased at Venice, at enormous prices. In 1667, he founded, in another part of Paris, the celebrated Gobelin manufactory,—an establishment in which was produced the most beautiful tapestry, and which remains, till this day, as one of the greatest wonders in the French metropolis.

In short, you cannot go the smallest distance in Paris, without finding a trace of the great Colbert. The Observatory ; the beautiful Garden of the Tuilleries, laid out by Le Nôtre ; the triumphal arch of St. Martin's Gate ; that of the Rue St. Denis ; that benevolent and noble institution, the Hôtel of the Invalids ; many of the quays and boulevards, together with a great variety of other things, attest the genius which shed such brilliancy and glory upon the age of Louis XIV. ; and it is only unfortunate that that monarch, by his desire for military conquest, failed to realize for France the solid benefits of Colbert's peaceful policy. Nothing was beyond the range of this great and noble intellect, —not even agriculture. Remembering the axiom of Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV.,—“ Pasturage and til-

age are the two nurses of the state,"—he encouraged the breeding of cattle, and rendered land more easy of acquisition.

In the midst of so many labors, the fine arts—the fair dream of his early years—were not forgotten. In 1664, he founded the Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, and the French Academy at Rome; and was also greatly instrumental in the establishment of the Academy of Science; and that of Inscriptions took its rise from an assembly held in his own house, for the purpose of furnishing designs and devices for the king's medals.

It was not until the 6th of September, 1683, that Colbert, who might have said, with Corneille, "I owe all my renown to myself," terminated, at the age of sixty-four, a career no less useful than brilliant. He left nine children, six sons and three daughters. His three daughters married the dukes of Chevereux, Aignau, and Mortemar. Such was the end of the illustrious Colbert, once a woollen-draper's apprentice, and whose first step to distinction was *an act of honor and honesty*.

ENGLISH RACER.—Forrester, a famous English racer, had triumphed in many a severe contest. At length, on one occasion, another horse gained upon him, got abreast, and continued so for some time. The strength of Forrester beginning to fail, he made a desperate plunge, seized his opponent by the jaw, to hold him back; and it was with great difficulty that he was forced to quit his hold.

TRUST not rotten planks.



Lord Lovat.

THIS individual furnishes a strong example of the misery which flows from selfishness, cunning, and double-dealing. His name was Simon Fraser. He was gifted by nature with superior abilities, and these were heightened by the advantages of education.

We do not propose to go through, in detail, with his turbulent career. It will be sufficient to state a few of the incidents of his life.

He paid attention to a young lady; but, being opposed by the mother, he went with a party of his followers, accompanied by a clergyman, to the house, and forced the old lady to marry one of his companions. For this he was tried; and his life was only saved by the foolish pardon of King William III.

In 1698, he went to Paris, and engaged in certain intrigues, which caused him, on

a second visit to that country, in 1702, to be lodged in the Bastile, where he remained some years.

On the demise of Queen Anne, he succeeded to his Scottish title of Lovat, with a handsome estate. In 1745, he secretly abetted the cause of the Pretender, though he was an ostensible supporter of the government. He was apprehended in his own house, soon after the battle of Culloden, and taken to London for trial.

He was convicted of treason, and sentenced to execution. He submitted to his fate with apparent cheerfulness. When on the scaffold, he felt the edge of the executioner's axe, and, finding it sharp, said, "It will do." He was soon after launched into eternity.

were held in consequence of the proposed request.

Mr. Ross was a merchant, who resided in one of the neat and flourishing villages which adorn the banks of the River Connecticut. Although a man of business, he was fond of reading, and so managed his affairs, as to give considerable attention to books, (of which his library contained a valuable collection,) as well as to various departments of natural history, especially to *bees*, the wonderful operations of which he had observed, with great interest, for several years.

Of Mrs. Ross we shall only observe, that, besides being a notable housekeeper, she was possessed of a highly-gifted mind, which had been well stored with useful knowledge, before her marriage, and which, after that event, had been by no means neglected. She found some time, almost every day, to read a few pages in some useful publication, with reference to the better discharge of her duty to God and her family.

The children were six in number. Charles was the eldest. He was in college, and gave promise of distinction in the class to which he belonged, and of usefulness in the world. Edward was the next, a youth of sixteen, who, having chosen farming for his profession, was daily engaged in the operations of the field. Catharine, a fine, observing girl, was just entering her fourteenth year. James was twelve; Susan, nine; and John, between four and five. Such was the family of Mr. Ross.

We have already intimated that he was absent at the time of the above incident. He was making his usual autumnal visit to New York, for the purchase of goods,

Wonders of the Honey-Bee.

[Continued from p. 50.]

CHAPTER II.

Family of Mr. Ross.—His Absence on a Journey.—Distressing Accident, by which he was detained.—Arrives in Safety.—Adventure of John related.—Leads to Conversation on the Honey-Bee.—Further Conversation agreed upon.

WE have already introduced our readers to the family of Mr. Ross, by means of an incident, which, though not important of itself, was rendered somewhat so, as it gave birth to a determination on the part of the children, as already noticed, to solicit of their father some account of the honey-bee; and also to the publication of this narrative, which records the conversations which

but was expected to return in a few days, having given intimation to that effect in a letter received on the morning of the adventure of Master John.

The time appointed for his arrival, however, came and passed without any intelligence from him. This was the more surprising, as Mr. Ross was a man of great punctuality himself, and the communication between the city of New York and the village where he resided was so certain, by means of a steamboat, that something of no trivial importance, it was at once conjectured, had happened to detain him.

And so it proved. In the evening following the morning when he was confidently expected, a letter was handed to Mrs. Ross, which she broke with no little anxiety, as a rumor had gone the village round of a sad disaster on board the steamboat.

It was in the hand-writing of her husband, and the first sentence was, "Thanks to a merciful Providence, my dear Catharine, I am safe. Thanks to God, that, amidst desolation and death, I have been preserved."

The letter then went on to give a circumstantial account of a sad and most awful disaster on board the steamboat, in which Mr. Ross was making his passage home.

It is not our intention to enter into the particulars of the scene. It will suffice our purpose to say, that the boat had made the passage of the sound in safety, during a night of great darkness, and no small agitation of the water. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, she entered the river, and, by three, had

reached a small village, some miles from the mouth.

Here the machinery was stopped, for the purpose of landing a passenger; and, while doing this, the awful catastrophe took place. Both boilers, in the same unexpected moment, exploded with a noise like thunder.

At the time, most of the passengers were fast locked in sleep, in their berths. The consternation of the moment no one can paint. Both boilers were rent asunder; and the water and steam, like burning lava, poured forth on every side, marking their progress with desolation with respect to the upper part of the boat, and with disfigurement and death in respect to some fifteen or twenty of the passengers. The screams of the terrified, the groans of the scalded and dying, added to the darkness of the night, rendered the scene appalling beyond the power of language to express.

There were some that escaped without injury, of which number Mr. Ross was one. For this wonderful preservation he was not backward in giving due thanks to God, and enjoined it upon his family to unite with him in devout praise, that so many escaped in a time of such general peril. The letter concluded by saying, that the care of the wounded would detain him till the following day, when he hoped once more to meet his family, and tell them of "the salvation of God."

We must pass over in silence the conversation of that evening at Mr. Ross's, as it belongs not particularly to the object of these pages. It may not be amiss, however, to observe, that the sad and joyful intelligence, conveyed in the letter re-

ceived from her husband, was improved by Mrs. Ross, in endeavoring to impress upon her children a proper sense of their dependence upon God at all times, and the importance of being ever prepared for the adverse as well as prosperous occurrences of life.

The following day, the family had the joy of welcoming Mr. Ross to his own peaceful home. The meeting was rendered peculiarly solemn, and yet delightful, from the peril in which he had been, but which, through a merciful Providence, he had escaped, while many others had come to a sudden and most unexpected end.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that several days passed, before the children, from their own sense of propriety, ventured the suggestion to their father, which they had intended to make as soon as he should arrive. The scene through which he had passed, added to some business of peculiar urgency, forbade even the mention of a subject, which none could doubt, at a proper time, would impart no small pleasure to Mr. Ross.

The time, however, at length arrived. One evening, as the family were seated, after the business of the day, the subject of John's adventure with the bee was mentioned, and the details of it related to Mr. Ross.

"Well, Master John, the next time, I trust, you will play the hero in better style," said his father; "especially as you were the aggressor."

"He hurt me," said John, twirling his fingers in his mouth.

"Quite probably; the sting of a bee is rather a formidable weapon; yet you

should learn to bear pain with more fortitude."

"Father," said Catharine, "is it not very wonderful that so small an insect as the bee should have the power to inflict so painful a wound?"

"Why, my child, the bee is altogether a wonderful part of the creation. Its sting is not more wonderful than, perhaps, a hundred other things about it."

"I should like to make it my study," said Catharine, "but for the danger of being often stung by it."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Ross, "you are one whom bees would not be likely to molest."

"Is there any difference among persons in this respect?" asked Edward.

"Much. Against some persons bees appear to have scarcely any antipathy; they handle them with little, if any, danger. But others are almost sure to be attacked, if they only approach them."

"How is this accounted for?" inquired Catharine.

"From a difference in respect to the odor, or effluvium, which escapes from a person's body, and which happens to be offensive or not to bees, whose organs of smell are peculiarly sensitive. A person in a high state of perspiration is more liable to be attacked, than when cool; for the reason, that his body sends forth, in the former state, a stronger odor than in the latter. In like manner, the *breath* of most persons is highly offensive to bees."

"What *particular* creatures they are!" said Edward; "quite fastidious!"

"They are wonderful creatures," said Catharine. "I wish, dear father, you

would spend a few evenings in telling us about the wonders of this insect."

"You know all about it," said Edward.

"Something, my child, compared with others who have paid less attention to the subject; but, after all my researches, many discoveries doubtless remain yet to be made. I am quite sure of one thing, however,—that the bee, though a small insect, is among the 'chief of the ways of God.' It conveys most instructive lessons of the power, and wisdom, and goodness, of that Almighty Being. I delight to converse as well with the minute, as with the great and grand of creation. In both,—

— 'we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling
worlds.'

"Whose are those beautiful lines you have just recited?" asked Catharine.

"They are more than beautiful," said Mr. Ross; "they are even sublime. They are the words of Cowper, who, more than most poets, excels in fine touches upon the works of Nature. I recollect some other lines of this favorite poet, on the same subject.

'How sweet to muse upon his skill displayed!
Infinite skill! in all that he has made;
To trace, in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of Power Divine!
Contrivance exquisite! expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees;
The shapely limb, and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point;
Muscle and nerve, miraculously spun;
His mighty work who speaks, and it is done.
Th' Invisible in things scarce seen revealed,
To whom an atom is an ample field.'

"You wish me to communicate some particulars about the honey-bee. Nothing will please me more; and in a few evenings, I trust, I shall be at leisure to comply with your agreeable request."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little Fish and the Fisher.

On river bank, a hungry lout
Up-jerked a tiny trout.
Said he, " 'Twill serve to count, at least,
And make beginning of our feast;
And so I'll put it with the rest."

This little fish, thus caught,
His clemency besought.
"What will your honor do with me?
I'm not a mouthful, as you see.
Pray let me grow to be a trout,
And then come here and fish me out;
Some alderman, who loves things nice,
Will buy me then at any price;
But now, a hundred such you'll have to fish,
To make a single good-for-nothing dish."

"Well, well; be it so," replied the fisher,
"My little fish, who play the preacher;
The frying pan must be your lot,
Although, no doubt, you'll like it not—
I fry the *fry* that can be got."

*In some things, men of sense
Prefer the present to the future tense.*

LA FONTAINE.

INDNESS OF THE HORSE.—An old horse, belonging to a body of cavalry, being unable from age to eat his hay, or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses, on his right and left, who ate with him. The two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it, and put it before the old horse, and then did the same with the oats, thus enabling him to eat them.



The Goats and the Morning Ride.

GAN any body tell me why the word *goat* is a title that means *silly*? why people say, "Silly as a goat"? There are some expressions of this kind that are hardly borne out by facts.

A goose is called silly—yet this abused bird is as wise as most others; and the old Romans, it is said, made it the emblem of wisdom. This, it is true, may be going too far, and the Romans may be thought *geese*, according to the proverbial use of the word among us; but they had their reasons—for the cackling of a goose once saved their capital.

An ass is called stupid—and why? For no good reason; for, in reality, it is a very sagacious brute. And it is so meek, useful, patient, and frugal, as to be one of the best gifts of nature to mankind.

And the sheep—that is called silly,

too. Its very humility subjects it to contempt; and *sheepish* is among the most degrading epithets that can be bestowed upon a human being. Strange, that all these useful creatures, which ought to furnish emblems of virtue, should be thus used as illustrations of the meaner vices! And it is still more strange that we should reserve our epithets of praise for such a creature as the lion. This animal is, in the main, a sneaking, thieving coward; though, when pressed by hunger, he roars, shakes his lordly mane, and dashes at his prey—because he thinks he can master any thing. And it is upon this brute we bestow our terms of admiration. We speak of the "noble lion," the "majestic lion," the "king of beasts."

But to return to the goats,—for we have a pair of them, harnessed to the little chariot, at the head of our picture. Nice

fellows! are they not? And goats can be taught to go in harness as well as any other four-footed creatures; and, according to my taste, they have rather a graceful appearance,—especially in our wood cut.

But this is a matter of fancy,—the real place of the goat is in sterile countries, as the helper of the poor. Here it is invaluable. It can get a living amid barren rocks and heathy deserts. It can live upon dried leaves, withered stalks, and even the shrivelled moss upon the stones. And, thus poorly fed,—thus picking about for itself, in a pasture furnished only by reluctant and grudging nature,—this good creature will bring home, night and morning, to its proprietors, two or three quarts of rich milk. The world may call it *silly goat*, if they please, yet there is a finer moral in the life of this despised creature, than in all the lions and tigers of Van Amburgh's menagerie.

The Story of Valentine Duval.

CHAPTER I

ON a September afternoon, in the year 1705, a funeral of one of the poor cottagers of the little village of Anthénay, in Champagne, a district in the north-east of France, wound its way to the cemetery. The curé, and five young children, followed the melancholy procession. The eldest was about ten years of age, and the only one of the little family who wept not; but the look of anguish with which he gazed on the coffin, which

contained the remains of his father, told how much he suffered.

"Valentine," said the curé to him, ceasing for a while to chant the service for the dead, and not comprehending the boy's silence, "why do you not weep? Did you not love your father?"

The boy raised his eyes with a look in which grief was so plainly written, that the good man immediately added, "Poor child! you cannot weep,—it is, indeed, sad."

Wishing, at all risks, to cause those tears, which in flowing might soothe the fevered mind of the boy, he continued,— "He was a good father to you, though very poor; and his last moments must have been imbibited at the thought of leaving a wife and five children, without the means of support. Is it not true, Valentine?"

"My father did not know he was dying, sir."

The curé, without making any further observation, resumed the chant, and Valentine again fell into a gloomy and thoughtful silence.

When the body had been committed to the earth, the people began to depart. It was then that Valentine found relief in tears, and, throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed, "My father! my father!"

The curé beckoned to the peasants to remove the other children, and, kneeling by the side of Valentine, he said in a tone of commiseration, "Pray for comfort, my son. God is merciful."

Having waited till he perceived the boy getting more composed, he added, "It is time to return home. Come, Valentine, let us be going."

Without making any remark,—for there is in grief a passiveness to the will of others,—Valentine arose, and, walking side by side, they quitted the cemetery. Not far off was an aged elm, at the foot of which was a bank of earth. Valentine seated himself upon it, and, seeing the curé regarded his movements with surprise, he said to him, “Don’t think of me, sir; but continue on your way home.”

“And why will you not come with me?” asked the curé.

“Where would you have me go, sir? Home? Why should I go there? My father has left nothing—nothing. Our neighbor Maclare sent my mother a loaf of bread this morning. She has, to-day at least, something to eat.”

“And are the sufferings of the family, then, so great, that your mother has not sufficient food?”

“I would rather not have spoken of it, sir, for my mother would rather starve than make a complaint. Almost every thing she gets, she gives her children; and she certainly hurts herself for their sakes. This morning, my sister found her lying down on the ground, faint from hunger; and as she was not able to raise her, she put a cloth over her, and fed her with a little warm milk, till she recovered. O, my poor, poor mother!” And here the fulness of Valentine’s heart overcame him, and he burst into tears.

“Come, cheer up, cheer up, Valentine,” said the curé. “I will, as is my duty, see about something being done for your mother. In the mean while, as you say she has something to eat, there is no immediate need of my calling. And now, had you not better go home, and get your share of food?”

“No, sir; I should prefer not going home at present. I am not hungry.”

“Not at present, perhaps; but in an hour or two you will be so, Valentine.”

“What would you have me do, sir? I am accustomed to suffering.”

“But your mother will be uneasy at not seeing you return.”

“It is not the first time I have been absent, sir.”

“And always from the same motive?” asked the curé, greatly moved; “always to leave your portion to be divided among the family?”

“Always, sir,” said Valentine, artlessly.

“O, why am I myself so poor!” exclaimed the good man; and taking, almost with a degree of respect, the hand of the poor boy, whose tattered clothes scarcely screened him from the weather, he added, “Noble and generous child, come, share with me my dinner to-day. It is frugal and simple, as the repast of a poor curate ought to be, who is poorer than the poorest of his parishioners; but it will be sufficient for us both. Come; and we will afterwards see about some means of relieving you. Not to eat would be but to shorten your days; and that would be against Providence,—it would be a sin, Valentine.”

“O sir, I ask but the means of gaining a livelihood,” said Valentine, kissing the hand of the curé, who forced him to rise and accompany him.

In passing by the house of Maclare one of the richest farmers of Anthenay,—he who had that morning sent the loaf of bread to the poor widow,—they perceived him sitting before the door of his cottage, busily engaged in fastening a

hoop on a cask. "Good day, reverend sir," said he, raising his cap to the curé. "How is your mother, Valentine?"

"Good day, Maclare," said the curé; while a sigh was the only answer that Valentine made. "How is it that, for the last month, your son has neither been to school nor catechism?"

"You are very good, reverend sir, and I will tell you the reason; it is that our turkeys are obliged to be taken care of, and the boy has been occupied in looking after them."

"You ought to get a servant to look after the turkeys, and send your boy to school to continue his studies."

"Nay, I am not so rich, sir, as people say; twenty-four francs a year I give you to educate my son; and as to getting a servant to take care of my turkeys, I could not afford it."

"There is a way in which you may arrange all this, Maclare."

"Provided you do not ruin me, dear sir, I ask no better."

"All that you would give for educating your son, you are to give to Valentine for taking care of your turkeys, and I will educate your son without charge. Do you agree?"

"What, sir! to have my son educated, and my turkeys taken care of, at the same time! To be sure; I agree to it, and willingly, too."

"It is a bargain, then, Valentine," said the curé, turning to him. "How do you like the arrangement?"

"O, you have saved us, sir," said Valentine, with emotion. "My mother shall now have something to eat."

"And when the turkeys have gone to roost," said the curé "with the permis-

sion of Maclare, you shall come to the presbytery, and repeat your catechism; for it would not be right that you should forget what you have already learned."

"You are a good man, sir," exclaimed the child, in a tone of thankfulness.

"It is but right that I should look after my flock," said the curé, smiling.

"O my good sir," said Maclare, "if Valentine has but as much anxiety for my turkeys, there is no fear but they will be well tended."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAPTAIN of a trading vessel, passing through John Street, half seas over, popped his head into a tailor's shop, exclaiming, "What's o'clock, my hearty?" The knight of the *shears*, who was a bit of a wag, and not liking this intrusion, lifting up his sleeve-board, gave the fellow a good blow on his head, and bawled out, "It has just struck *one!*" The son of Neptune, thinking it might be a *repeater*, quietly walked away.

A SOLDIER, being upbraided with cowardice, said he had as bold a *heart* as any man in the army, but his cowardly *legs* ran away in spite of it.

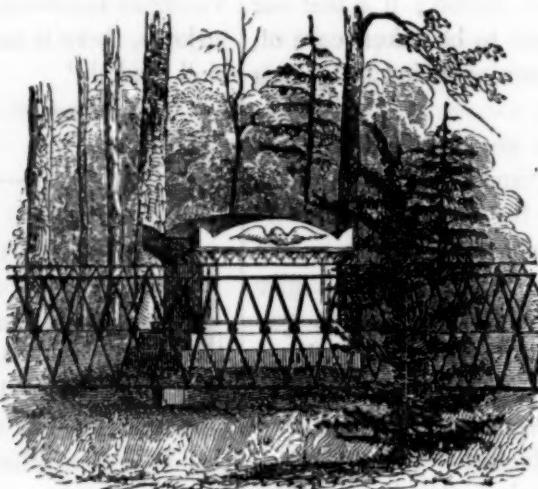
"M y parents made a great noise in the world, as well as myself," said a tinker to a blacksmith. "My dad was a coppersmith, and my mother a ballad-singer."

Mount Auburn.

[Continued from p. 24.]

IN a former number, we have given a general account of this beautiful cemetery. We now propose to notice some of the particular monuments. The Curtis monument is on the left of

the central avenue, as we proceed from the gateway, and is interesting as the place where the remains of James Freeman Curtis are deposited. This individual, who had as many personal friends



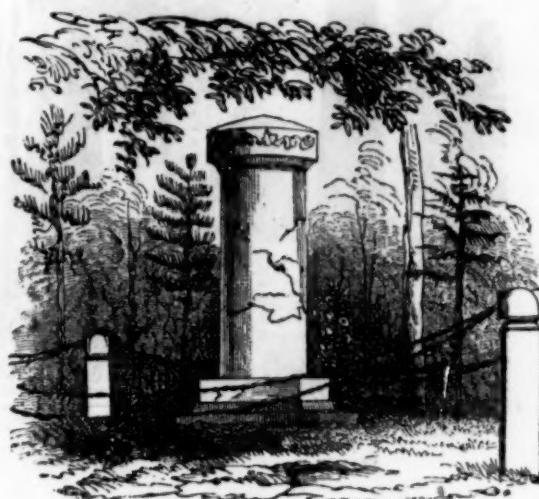
Curtis Monument.

as any other, and who was suddenly cut off in the midst of his days, was a native of Boston, and became, in early life, a midshipman in our navy. He was captured in the Chesapeake, when she was taken by the Shannon, in 1813. He was carried to Halifax, and was one of the officers selected by the British as hostages for the lives of certain Englishmen imprisoned by our government. Afterwards, he served as midshipman in the Constitution, when, under Commodore Stewart, she captured in the same action the frigate Cyane and the Levant. He was sent home by the commodore second in command of the Cyane, and arrived with the prize at New York. In 1815, after peace with England, he joined the

fleet sent, under Decatur, to chastise the Algerines, then in power in the Mediterranean. His next service of importance was as first lieutenant of the brig Porpoise, which was ordered to the West Indies to protect our commerce from pirates. Mr. Curtis personally destroyed, by leading his men in boats up a deep lagoon, at the imminent risk of his life, one of the most considerable establishments of these miscreants. After these duties were performed, he obtained a furlough, and made several voyages to India and Europe, in the merchant service; during which period, as captain of a brig, it fell to his lot to rescue the lives of eight fellow-beings, left in the midst of the Atlantic, their ship having foundered.

Such was the activity of the youth of Curtis. Nor was it less signal in after years; though, having resigned his commission in the navy, in 1824,—at the time of his marriage,—it displayed itself in another sphere of usefulness and duty. His fellow-citizens were familiar with him, particularly as superintendent of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, in which

office he remained till his decease. In 1835, while passing under an arch in one of the cars, his head was dashed against a pier, and life was immediately extinct. It is a strong and emphatic testimonial as to the public estimate of his character, that a suitable provision for his family was immediately made by subscription.



Lothrop.



Hannah Adams

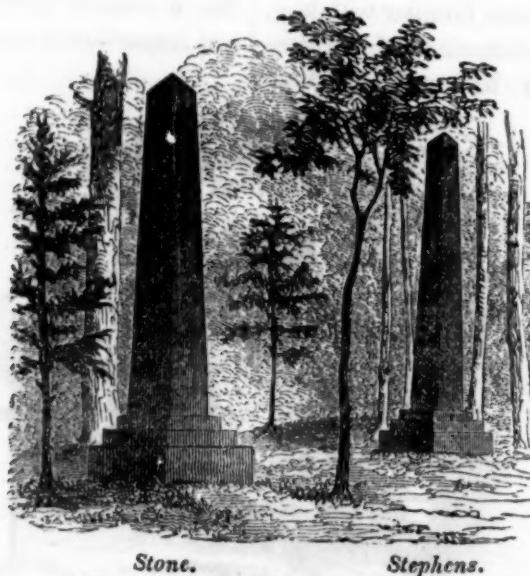
Proceeding up the central avenue, and passing a monument which bears the name of "Stillman Lothrop," we come to a hand-

some white marble column on the left, in-

MOUNT AUBURN.

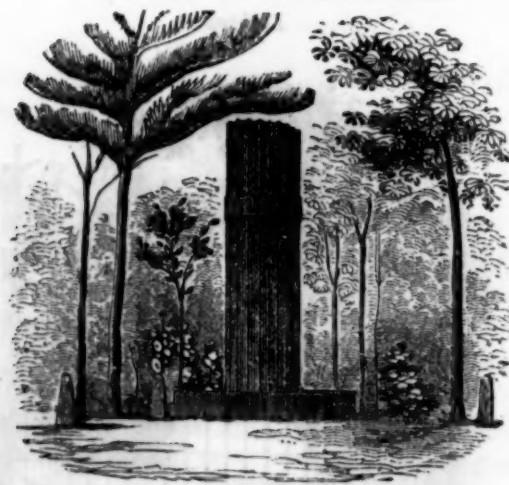
scribed thus: "To HANNAH ADAMS, Historian of the Jews, and Reviewer of the Christian Sects, this is erected by her Female Friends. First tenant of Mount Auburn, she died Dec. 15, 1831, aged 76."

On the same avenue is Dr. J. Bigelow's, — a round, unfinished column of marble, with a festoon of olive leaves hung about it, near the top; and, further onward, two granite obelisks, with the names of "Stone" and "Stephens."



Stone.

Stephens.



Lienow.

This brings us to Cedar Avenue, where we find the name of "Melzar Dunbar" on one stone, and that of "Lienow" on another — the latter an unfinished column.

On Poplar Avenue, the stranger's eye will be arrested by the monument of "McLellan." Among the names on the tablets, each side of the door of the tomb

beneath, appears that of "Henry Blake McLellan," who died in 1833, at the age of 22; to which the inscription adds, that he was "graduated at Harvard Univer-

sity in 1829; commenced the study of divinity at Andover; spent two years at the University of Edinburgh, and on the continent of Europe, in the completion



M. Dunbar.



McLellen.

of his studies." He returned home, but a fever closed his life in three months afterwards. A writer on Mount Auburn says,—

"There is one at rest in his tomb in this enclosure, who was known to a large circle of friends, and whose bright pros-

pects were early shut in by death. Having enjoyed every advantage for the improvement of his mind, and of preparation for future usefulness, by visiting foreign lands, he returned to the bosom of his family to die."

"Should we now express for him the

feelings of anxiety upon the subject of religion with which he left college, his convictions that he had not found a satisfactory and permanent resting-place for his hopes for eternity, and his subsequent acquaintance with evangelical truth, and the divine Savior, who is its distinguished glory and chief corner-stone, we should write upon his tomb;—

'I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow, deep im-
fixed,
My panting side was charged, when I with-
drew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force, soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me
live.'

"The author of the Memoir of McLellan, attached to the Journal of his Travels in Europe, which was published soon after his decease, states that, not long previous to leaving this country, he wrote, in one of his letters, the following passage in relation to the cemetery at Mount Auburn. It is justly remarked, that the coincidence of that passage with the event of his death was certainly striking, and that the sentences possess a peculiar interest, when we remember that he himself was the first member of the family laid to rest in that rural cemetery, and that there he is now, according to his own wish, 'sleeping his long, cold sleep.'

"You speak of the rural cemetery at sweet Auburn. I am pleased with the project. It will undoubtedly succeed. I am happy to learn that father contemplates taking a spot there. With those pleasant places my college days are ten-

derly connected, and I would love there to sleep my long, cold sleep. To such a place there is a permanence which is wanting to the common churchyard; the bodies there deposited rest quietly forever. Besides, to such a spot we are led by our best sympathies,—to shed tears or scatter flowers. I am glad, too, that my dear father is about to make arrangements for our common burial-place, that, as we have been united in life, we may not be separated in death.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Grasshopper and the Ant.

A FABLE.

A GRASSHOPPER, having sung
The summer long,
When the wintry wind blew
Found her comforts few,—
No house, from the snow and sleet
To guard her;
Not a single bit to eat
In her larder,—
Neither worm-chop nor fly-leg—
The dainty dame must starve or beg.

Hungry, she goes to her neighbor ant
With her sad tale of want.
"Pray lend me from your store,
Till the winter's o'er;
On my faith, I'll pay
Round interest, beside the loan."

The ant, bad lender, I must own,
Doubting much the pay-day,
Asks of the borrowing lady,
"What did you do last summer?"

"Night and day, to every comer,
I sang, if you please."
"Sang! do you say?
Then finish out your play,—
Dance, now, at your ease."



Ruins in Central America.

A Peep at Architecture.

[Continued from vol. xi. p. 147.]

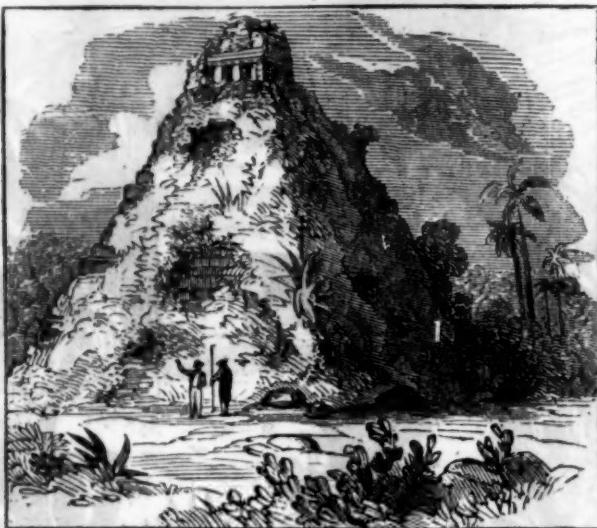
In some of our previous pages, we have given several brief notices of the finer styles of architecture. A curious chapter might be made by tracing, with some minuteness, the art of building, from the first rude shelters constructed by mankind, up to those specimens

which display the refined taste and lofty conception of a civilized age. In such a chapter, we should have occasion to notice caves and caverns, thatched shanties, tents, wigwams, hollow trees, with a notched stick for a stairway, hovels of mud and stone, and various other devices

for protecting man against the elements. But we must reserve such a fertile topic for a future occasion. Our purpose now is to say a word of the interesting ruins of Central America,—the more interesting to us, that they are the work of the aborigines of this continent.

The existence of these ruins has been

long known; and several works have been published upon the subject. But a new interest has been imparted to them, from the investigations of Catherwood and Stephens, and especially from the lively account of their discoveries furnished by the latter. From these various investigations, it would appear that, at



Ruins in Yucatan.

Palenque, in the south-eastern part of Mexico, and at Copan in Guatemala, are heaps of ruins, showing the sites of populous and splendid cities, which had risen, flourished, and passed away, long before the American continent was known to Europeans. These ruins are now partially covered with the rank vegetation of that tropical climate. Beneath the roots of lofty trees, and overshadowed by the spreading leaves of palms and cacti, there are heaps upon heaps of chiselled stones, pillars, columns, capitals, statues, and cornices, many of them executed with great skill, and displaying vast labor. Some of these would not be unwor-

thy the best sculptors of Greece and Rome. In the delicacy of their finish, they bear some resemblance to the ancient sculptures of Egypt. The countenances have that strange solemnity of aspect, and the images of animals have the general form, which we observe in the old Egyptian sculptures.

Mr. Norman, of New Orleans, who is an intelligent and amusing traveller, in his account of the ruins of Yucatan, presents us with similar wonders. Here, too, are heaps of ruins, showing that country to have been the seat of a teeming population, far advanced in the arts of life.



Statue in Central America.

We cannot now enter into a detailed account of these curiosities, nor undertake to explore the few faint and scattered memorials, which might guide us in inquiring who these builders were, that have left such evidences of their skill and power, and yet passed so strangely away

into the dim regions of oblivion. There is little doubt that these vestiges were the work of that extraordinary race, called *Toltecs*, which is spoken of in Mexican history as having preceded the Aztec race, over which Montezuma reigned in the time of Cortes.

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER, walking hastily round the corner of a street, in Cambridge, in his peculiar near-sighted, *sidling*, hasty manner, he suddenly came in contact with a *blind* muffin-man, who daily perambulates the town. The concussion threw them both down. "Don't you see I'm blind?" exclaimed the muffin-man, in great wrath. "How should I," rejoined the learned wag, "when I am blind too?"

PHORISMS.—He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

When the fox has got in his nose, he'll soon find means to make the body follow.

There's small choice in rotten apples.



A Lady and Servant, in Japan.

Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 39.]

CHAPTER III.

THE farther I proceeded in my journey, the more liberal became the treatment which I experienced from my conductors, until at length I was convinced that there was nothing inhuman in the severest part of their conduct towards me: but that all was the regular observance of the law in relation to such matters. The fact is, as I afterwards learned, that when any man in Japan is arrested, he is immediately bound with ropes, just as I was, even should he be the most dis-

tinguished officer in the empire, and arrested on a mere suspicion. The practice, indeed, is so common, that even the little boys at school are punished for idleness, and other offences, by having their hands tied behind their backs.

On the morning of the fifth day of my captivity, we approached an eminence,—the highest which I had yet seen. On attaining the summit, I beheld a vast plain before me, and, beyond it, I could discern a city, or pretty large town, which, I was informed, was the place where my examination was to be performed. As

we descended the other side of the hill, we came unexpectedly upon a village,—the most beautiful that had yet met my view. It lay in the centre of a valley, or hollow, about half a mile across, and was surrounded, on three of its sides, by high hills. The village was built, as it were, within a garden, for every house was surrounded by a patch of cultivated ground, planted with trees, shrubs, and esculent roots. Besides many productions peculiar to the Eastern countries, I saw some well known in Europe, as apple, pear, and peach-trees; and, in a regular order, patches of hemp, tobacco, and rice.

The route we were travelling now took a turn nearer the sea-coast; and, from the next eminence which we crossed, I had a near view once more of the ocean, with a long stretch of the shore ahead. Populous villages were in sight, on every bay and creek along the coast; and every thing I saw tended to confirm the accounts which I had heard respecting the abundant population of Japan, and the remarkable industry of the inhabitants. The people, all along here, are employed in catching, salting, and drying fish. They likewise gather a species of sea-weed, which grows in great abundance on the rocks; this they spread out on the sand to dry, and then gather it up into heaps, like haycocks, and cover it over with matting, till the time arrives for loading the vessels which carry it to Jesso.

Every thing which the sea produces is considered eatable by the Japanese. Fish, marine animals of every description, sea-plants and sea-weeds, are all made to contribute towards their support. Vast numbers of people gain a livelihood by selling, in other parts of Japan, the

articles which they collect upon the coasts. Whatever may be the poverty of the lower orders of the Japanese, their villages never have a mean, straggling, poverty-stricken, or unsightly look. They are generally large, with regular streets, and neatly-built houses. Every house has a kitchen-garden, and many are furnished with orchards. The cleanliness which prevails in the streets and houses is truly astonishing. The inhabitants are very active and lively, and content and cheerfulness are painted on every countenance.

We now arrived at the town which I had beheld from the top of the hill; and I was conducted, at a slow pace, through a long street, which extended from one end of the town to the other. The windows of the houses were crowded with spectators. All the houses had shops attached to them, which were stocked with various kinds of merchandise. From this street we turned to the left, and ascended a rising ground, on which stood a castle, surrounded by palisades and an earthen wall. We entered by a gate into a large court-yard, in the centre of which stood a brass cannon mounted on a clumsy carriage. From this yard we passed into another, where a party of Japanese soldiers were stationed. They sat on mats, and were armed with muskets, and bows and arrows. Here I was directed to sit down, and was regaled with a dish of fine tea, and a pipe of tobacco, in the name of the governor of the town.

After waiting here above an hour, I was conducted into a large hall, round which were a number of chambers, separated by movable screens very neatly painted. One half of the hall was car-

peted with curiously-worked straw mats. The windows had paper panes instead of glass, so that the interior was rather gloomy. A large number of soldiers were upon guard here, and the governor sat on the matted part of the floor, which was three feet higher than the rest, with his officers on the right and left, and secretaries, with paper and inkstands before them. They all sat, about four feet apart, with their legs folded under them. They were in the ordinary black dress of the Japanese, with daggers in their girdles; and each man had a large sabre lying on his left side.

I made my bow to the governor, on which he nodded his head and cast down his eyes. After these compliments had passed, he drew from his bosom a paper; and, giving the word, one of the Japanese advanced towards me, and, to my infinite surprise, addressed me in broken Russian. He informed me that he was a Japanese, and was once driven out to sea in a storm, and shipwrecked on the Kurile Islands. Here he had picked up some knowledge of our language before he returned to Japan, and he was now directed to act as my interpreter. I was overjoyed at this unexpected encounter, as I hoped this would be the means of procuring my liberty much sooner than I had deemed it possible, while the conversation between me and the Japanese was embarrassed by our mutual ignorance of each other.

I then went through the regular form of interrogation, to which every stranger is subjected, who lands in the empire of Japan. I was first asked my name, and the name of my family; then, what was my rank, and to what country I belonged; then my age; whether my father and

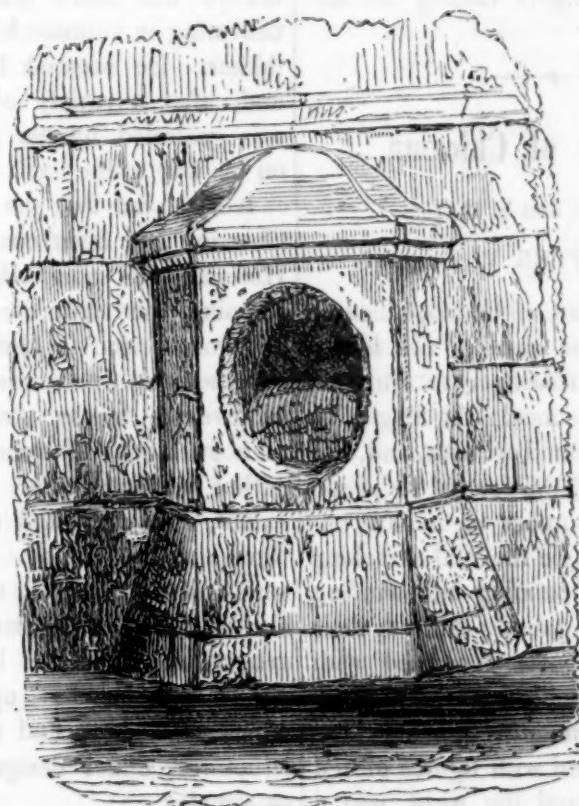
mother were living; what were their names; whether I had brothers, and what were their names; whether we were married, and had children; in what towns we were born, and where they were situated; what was my business on board the ship; what on shore, &c., —the secretaries writing down all the answers. Then followed a long string of questions about the ship in which I sailed; how large she was; how many guns she carried; how many men, &c. Next, I was asked whether some change of religion had not taken place in Russia within a few years,—as the Russian ambassador, who visited Nagasaki a little while ago, wore a long tail, and had thick hair, which he covered all over with flour, whereas I had short hair, with no flour on it. I replied, that with us there was no connection between religion and the fashion of wearing the hair; but that every man trimmed his own head as he pleased. On hearing this, the Japanese laughed aloud, and expressed the most unfeigned astonishment, that the Russian government should have no express law on this point. However, they carefully wrote down my answers.

I thought this tedious questioning now at an end; but next, it was desired to know every place on the globe at which the ship had touched, from the time she sailed from St. Petersburg till she left me on the coast of Japan. It was of no use to tell them that all this was nothing to the purpose: such was the custom of the Japanese, and it must be done. For this purpose, a map of the world was brought forth, and I was compelled to answer question after question upon it, like a schoolboy at his recitation. They

not only desired to know every direction in which we had shaped our course, and the number of months and days occupied in our navigation, but also the precise length of time which we had spent in every port and anchorage. All these answers were also written down, and the examination did not close till I was tired

almost to death. At last the governor dismissed me, and stated that, if it should be found necessary, I should be brought before him again; but that, in the meantime, I might make myself easy, for I should be treated well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The London Stone.

In the south wall of St. Swithin's church, Cannon Street, London, is the *London Stone*, one of the oldest antiquities in the metropolis, having been known before the time of William I. It was formerly much larger, and stood on the

opposite side of the way; but the time and purpose of its erection are alike unknown. Some have supposed it to be the spot whence the Romans measured the distance of their several stations; and others say it was intended to mark the

highest spot in London. It was against this stone that Jack Cade struck his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer lord of London."

This relic, so insignificant in itself, has acquired extraordinary interest from its antiquity; it has been noticed by historians, and is one of the objects of curiosity laid down in the guide-books, for the observation of strangers visiting the metropolis.

The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 63.]

CHAPTER V.

AFTER the departure of Orano, Chicama remained for the space of two hours, expecting a messenger to summon him before the inca. At length, he heard a confused sound without, and, immediately afterward, the door of his prison was opened. A number of Indians entered, forming a single file, and marching around the room in bending and winding lines. They were gaudily dressed, their heads bearing coronets decorated with feathers and glittering gems. Over their shoulders they had mantles of coarse cotton cloth, ornamented with figures of red and yellow. Around the waist was a sash of blue, binding the mantle to the body.

The solemn countenances and lofty tread of these Indians, with their mystic circles around the room, contrasted strangely with their tawdry attire. The effect upon our young hero was a mingled sentiment of ridicule and amazement. After the party had performed

various evolutions, they arranged themselves in a circle around the room. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, then stepped forward, and made an animated address to the young Spaniard. Of this the latter understood not a word; but, supposing that he was to be taken to the inca, he bowed his head, laid his hand upon his heart, and turned his face toward the inca's quarters,—thus endeavoring to intimate his readiness to go thither. He seemed to be understood, and, after a variety of ceremonies, he was encircled by the guard, and taken on his way to the inca.

It appeared that the edifice in which Chicama had been confined, and where Huascar was now lodged, was only a stopping-place upon the great road which led from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of one thousand five hundred miles. It was, however, a massy structure, composed of huge blocks of stone, nicely fitted together without mortar. It was of great extent, enclosing and covering at least three acres of ground. It consisted of a series of apartments, sufficient to give shelter to several thousand persons. The general aspect of the building was that of an irregular fort, upon the walls of which were, here and there, to be seen structures, either designed as dwellings or temples.

These observations were made by Chicama, as he was conducted across the broad court, by the encircling guard. These walked, slowly and solemnly, to the rude music of gongs and horns. The procession at length reached a lofty portion of the castle, and, a door being opened, the white-haired Orano made his appearance. Making several motions

toward the sky, with a black wand which he held in his hand, he directed the troop to follow him, and passed into the building. Proceeding through a long avenue, they reached a hall of great extent. Pausing at the threshold, Orano again performed some mystic evolutions with his wand. The guard then formed in two lines, on the right and left, and Chicama was placed between. In this manner they entered the hall.

This was crowded with a large number of Peruvians, all of them richly decorated, and seeming to be the nobles of the land. At the extremity of the room sat a man of majestic appearance,—though scarcely having reached the period of middle age. The scene was in the highest degree imposing. As Chicama entered, every countenance was turned upon him with keen and scrutinizing curiosity; all around, there appeared nothing but frowning countenances, and black, penetrating eyes. For a moment, the youth's nerves were shaken; he hesitated, and looked round with a bewildered and faltering air. But his Spanish blood soon returned to his heart, and the daring character of his disposition enabled him to rally. With an assured step, he proceeded.

The guard had now fallen back, and Orano conducted him to the august personage at the extremity of the hall. This was Huascar Inca. Orano bowed to the earth, and spoke a few words in a low tone. He then made a sign for Chicama to kneel, which he did. They then both arose, and stood before the monarch. For the space of two or three minutes, not a word was spoken; a death-like silence pervaded the whole assembly.

During this period, the king was gazing at the young Spaniard, as if he would read his very soul. He ran his eye up and down, minutely examining his attire. He gazed in the countenance of the young man with an aspect of mingled awe and admiration. At last, somewhat abruptly, he spoke. The words were not understood by Chicama, but were translated by Orano. "The sublime Huascar Inca, child of the sun, speaks to thee," said Orano. "He asks, 'Are you a god?'"

Under less solemn circumstances, our hero, who felt that he was any thing rather than a god, would have smiled; but he answered, seriously, "I am not a god, but a Spaniard." The dialogue then proceeded,—Orano translating the words of the inca.

"What is a Spaniard?"

"I come from a distant country, and am the subject of a mighty king."

"Are all your people white, like yourself?"

"Yes."

"Our historians tell us that the founders of the Incaical dominion were also white. Have you ever heard of Manco Capac, and his wife Mamma Oello?"

"Never."

"I must tell you their story. Ages ago, the Peruvians were a wild and savage race. They dwelt in rude caves, were without attire, and lived by hunting and war. Suddenly, there appeared among these ignorant people two persons, a seeming man and woman. They were of majestic mien, and their forms were robed in fine garments. They were white, like you; they bore on their countenances a look of intelligence more

than mortal, yet softened by a smile of benignity.

"This mysterious and majestic pair first appeared on the flowery banks of Lake Titicaca. The savages fled from their presence in fear and wonder. The strangers beckoned them back. One by one, they crept from their hiding-places, and crouched at the feet of those whom they still seemed to fear.

"Manco Capac now spoke to them, in a strange tongue, yet it reached their hearts. 'We are children of the sun!' said he; 'we are sent by the Beneficent master of that glorious orb to visit you. Pacha Camac has seen your ignorance and poverty. The Sublime Essence pitied you. He had given you the sun; but your minds were dark, and you could not see God's image. You could not raise your thoughts above the chase, and warfare with your fellow-men. You looked up to the sun, and you saw in it nothing but blood—blood—blood! He has sent us, his children, to enlighten your souls; to teach you that he delights not in blood, but in peace and love. We have come to show you a better way; to show you the art of drawing fruits and flowers from the bosom of our mother earth; and to instruct you how to form comfortable dwellings; and how to weave fabrics, that may shelter the body from the severity of the seasons. We have come to teach you the arts of healing, the profound science of the heavenly bodies, the wonders of the seasons, and the will of God. Will you listen to our message? Will you obey our commands?'

"The people obeyed willingly; for the heavenly messengers spoke with authority. The dominion of Manco Capac was

established. Beneath his genial sway the people rose from a savage to a civilized condition. The nation increased in numbers; new tribes and new territories came under its sway; the arts flourished; gold, silver, and precious stones, marked the riches of the land; luscious fruits sprang from the soil; cities dotted the landscape; splendid edifices arose on every hand, and the worship of the sun was perfected.

"Such things followed from the revelations of Manco Capac. He was the first inca, and I am his lineal descendant. As such, I claim the dominion of Peru. It is Huascar Inca that speaks. Say, Spaniard, have you heard of these things before?"

"Never."

The inca seemed disappointed, and the conversation continued. But the remainder of the scene must be reserved for another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Take Care of Number One."

[Continued from p. 56.]

CHAPTER X.

THREE months had now passed away since Jacob Karl had been put into prison. To a boy accustomed to active life, and in the daily habit of roaming freely over hill and valley, it may easily be imagined that this confinement was in the highest degree wearisome and oppressive. Nor was this effect diminished by the gloomy subjects of contemplation that occupied his mind. The time of his trial was now approach-

ing. There was something awful in being arraigned before a bench of judges, in being accused of an infamous crime, in the presence of a large assembly.

These things dwelt upon the youth's mind, and, although conscious of his innocence, he had been led to expect that his trial would only be the forerunner of some cruel punishment.

While Jacob was one day engaged in these gloomy musings, the door of his cell was opened, and a little girl entered the apartment. It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and shame that Jacob beheld the pleasing countenance of his youthful friend and companion, his teacher, who had opened upon him the mysteries of the alphabet.

Mabel Lane — for it was she — seemed abashed at first, but she soon spoke.

"Jacob," said she kindly, "I am come to see you." The youth moved forward, took the girl's hand, and replied, "O Mabel, it is very kind; I am glad to see you. But why have you come to this sad place?"

"I have come," said Mabel, "because I wish to tell you that I do not believe you guilty. Dick Grater says he knows you set fire to Granther Baldwin's barn; and father thinks you did; and brother John thinks you did; and almost every body believes you did; but I do not. I stand up for you, Jacob, though they laugh at me, and scold me. I have brought you some money, — it is only two dollars, but it's all I have got."

Here the girl handed him the money. Jacob hesitated; and, for some reason which he did not understand, his eyes were filled with tears. He then said, "I do not want the money, Mabel.

What can I buy with it, here in prison? I thank you kindly; but I have no use for money." Saying this, he turned away, and, for a moment, gave way to his grief. Mabel also found the tears stealing down her cheeks.

After a space, Jacob rallied, and, with a cheerful countenance, observed, "Well, Mabel; though I do not want your money, it gives me pleasure to know that I have at least one friend. I had not supposed that there was a being in the world that cared for poor Jacob Karl." "Do not talk so sadly," said Mabel; it may turn out better than you think. Besides, I am not your only friend; see, here is a letter, which I had almost forgotten."

Jacob took the letter, and perceived that it was from his eccentric friend, Luther Munn. It proceeded to state that every thing would be done by Lawyer Sponge to insure Jacob's conviction; that, if the trial took place, there was no hope of his escape. The writer, therefore, went on to say, that he should devise some mode of deliverance, and recommended to Jacob to keep his mind prepared to take advantage of any opportunity, for this purpose, that might be offered.

Jacob, with some difficulty, made out the contents of this letter. Saying nothing of the scheme it proposed, he had some further conversation with Mabel, and she departed. Her last words were designed to cheer the poor boy in his hapless condition. Nor were they wholly without effect.

Three days now passed away. It was evening, when the cell door was unlocked, and the image of an aged woman, thin, wrinkled, and stooping, came into the

apartment. Jacob stood in amazement at the strange apparition. When the door was closed, and the jailer had departed, the woman untied her bonnet, and, removing this, with the cap beneath it, displayed the little, nut-brown features of Luther Munn.

Jacob was indeed amazed; but his visitor soon explained the purpose of this masquerade. "You must put on these clothes, Jacob," said he, "and go forth from this prison. They will take you to be the old woman that just came in. It is now dark, and you will escape without difficulty. Here are twenty dollars. I wish it were more; but it is all the money I have upon earth. Go straight to K—, and get to sea as soon as you can. Never return to this region until you learn that Sponge is dead."

Jacob put on the old woman's attire, received the money, and seemed ready to depart, when suddenly he turned to Munn, and said, "What is to become of you?" "O, I am to remain," was the answer. "But will you not be punished?" said Jacob. "Will you not get into difficulty?" "O, I shall do well enough," said Munn. "It is time for you to go now."

"Let me ask you one question," said Jacob. "Why is it you take such an interest in me? I cannot comprehend your conduct." "I will tell you, Jacob. Your father once gave me a small sum of money, when I was in great distress; and I have not forgotten it. He used to say, 'Do to another as you would have another do to you;' and his advice was of more value to me than his other gift."

'That is strange,' said Jacob, "for he

was always telling me to *take care of number one.*"

"That was when he was old, my boy, and when his mind was impaired by age. But you must stay no longer. Be of good cheer. Farewell."

The two parted; and Jacob, imitating the attitude and carriage of an old woman, passed unsuspected out of the prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Stanzas.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair? — thou urchin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his, or squire or hind?
Since thou, in every wight that passes,
Dost still a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids, rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far a-field thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats, half lisped, half
spoken;

I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle, too,—
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropped daisies, are thy treasure
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming

When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be ! Through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

King Alfred.

ALTHOUGH this monarch lived about a thousand years ago, and was sometimes reduced by his enemies, the Danes, to such extremity, that he hardly knew where to find lodging, and, in one instance, it is said, watched the cakes that were baking for an old woman,—he still appears to have had some



luxuries. Antiquarians have preserved a copy of a jewel, which he wore suspend-

ed from his neck, and which, it would appear, was a thing of no little cost.

HEYLAND PONEY.—The Reverend Mr. Hall tells us, that, when the Shetland ponies come to a boggy piece of ground, whether with or without their masters, they first put their noses to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their feet, and from the sound and feeling of the ground, they know whether it will bear them. They do the same with ice, and determine immediately whether they will proceed, with a judgment far more unerring than that of their riders.

LET them obey that know not how to rule.

The Moth's Song.

All! what shall I do
To express unto you
What I think, what I feel, what I know, and
pursue?

With my elegant face,
And my wing of lace,
How lightly the moles of the evening I chase !

Though I am but a moth,
And feed upon cloth,
To me it is pleasant and nourishing both.

And this region of light,
So broad and so bright,
It makes my heart dance with a strange de
light.

If dismal to you,
'Tis the best of the two,
For O, it is pleasant, this wide, shining view !

There are lights afar,
More bright than a star.
You say they are candles,— I'll see if they
are.

I go, and I fly,
And so, good-by!
Ah me! what is it? I die! I die!

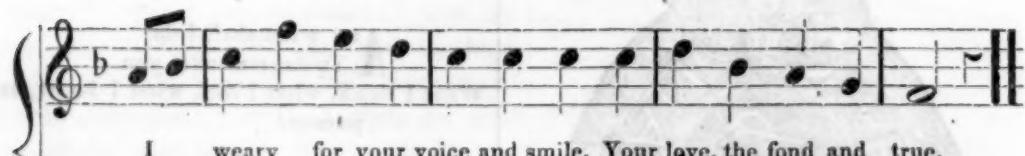
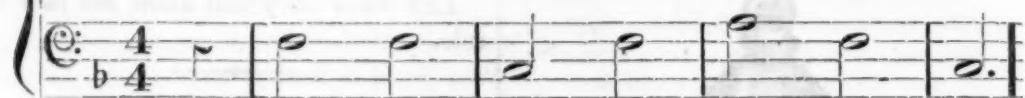
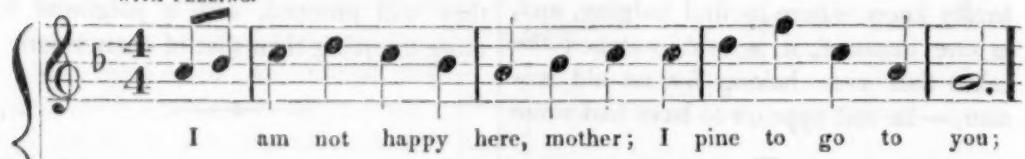
A YORKSHIRE man, on the race-course,
said to a nobleman, "Your horse, my
lord, was *behind before*, but *first at last*.

ANAGRAM.—*Omnibus, Mob us in.*

The Young Exile's Lament.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM. WORDS BY MRS. OSGOOD.

WITH FEELING.



My distant home is cold, mother,
And dark and lonely, too;
I never shall be happy here;
I pine to go to you.

I've friends who kindly welcome give,
And whom I'll ne'er forget;
But they love others more than me,
And I am not their pet.

Full many a simple melody
I make of home and you;
But no one loves, and sings the song,
As Lizzy used to do.

I will not call it "home," mother,
From those I love so far;
That only can be home to me
Where you and Lizzy are.